Excuse this handwriting — we are going to watch cricket at Lords & I must wash

52
Tavistock Square,
London, W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Saturday,

We will get tickets for some entertainment (I cant be certain which) on Tuesday. So come, & it will be great fun. You'll find me here any time after 4. But I'm afraid I chattered too much yesterday, & meaning to let you in, Leonard did, which saddened me.

But to business. You said you were going to finish a book

on Persia. Would you let us have it?
The point is I don't want to press you, if
you feel, as you may, that
Heinemann's has a right, & is, as
may be too, more profitable. At
the same time I don't want these refinements
of feeling to lose us a chance which would
give a great fillip to our autumn
season. So consider.

I did enjoy seeing you, & my
am wearing your necklace, & my
exuberance after-ah is not my egotism,
but your seduction. Is your garden
good? Viv.

ONDON
OCT 28
AM
1930 .C

Mettun.

Mr. H. Nicolson
Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

This letter has just come.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1
Telephone: Museum 2621

Monday Oct 26

Hilda is dining here ~~on~~ next Monday — will you come on with her, & dine, & perhaps crack a joke with me, while they discuss BBC.

Then we might arrange Coward's play.

And are you still —— (can you finish that sentence?)

V.

And perhaps you would come
to tea first on Monday &
have a little talk

NYPL

NYPL

Look here I'm not getting tickets for Noel Coward

Insane

(1) I forgot

(2) I've been rather ~~headachy~~ headaches & want to be dull.

(3) I don't think we shd. have got any.

(4) We suggest going next week. If you would

(5) we escort you to dinner dressed after

Broadcasting.

52. T. S: 30th Oct.
1930.

Yes. but why dont you write to me & say so — this refers to the last sentence in your letter. If you never say so, I become a block & freeze; try another intimate letter, like the one from the Pyrenees, there's a good Towser. Highly alarming reports have reached me of what you said in the Schoolmaster — why you wanted to lash out like that & take away my character as woman & writer I cant conceive. Now you only escape it to send me the very words, but I suspect worse. O you old serpent; how you coil in your basket of fig leaves! [I have made so many enemies lately by writing letters in a hurry that I make a point of saying that I am <u>not altogether</u> <u>serious</u>: still, I should like the Schoolmaster: please bring her.]

But how am I ever to see you, apart from Hilda? Is an afternoon alone never possible? NOT since Rodmell & then only for two minutes have we been alone in a room together — let alone the other place. I do hate these little stabs of meeting jammed in tight between other engagements. Ditto positively loathes them — but

I suppose nothing else is ~~to~~ possible till you live in London, & as long as the sun is warm & the autumn leaves fluttering to the ground you wont come. Lord, to think how I spent this afternoon: buying ham in Fortnum & Mason, because Ethel dine with us to night. And you were in the fields, I daresay.

Yes Ethel has pretty well done the trick — a triumph you must admit, for a woman of 73. She took me to a party at the Austrian Embassy, she in sweater & mouldy fur coat; I almost smart ~~by~~ by comparison. And in the slow movement she said "This is like the movement of ones bowels" — at which the attachés sitting by us, jumped.

I wish that Dotty werent convinced that the sign of a great poet is the inability to do anything practical. Leonards life has been made burden to him, & I was in a rage (but kept it under) hearing Dotty dramatise her own incompetence & waste God knows how much of his time: He had to shoot her out & do the rest himself. And its said to be a bad book into the bargain.

Now let us arrange a private meeting; dearest Creature: I have a mint of things to say: & dear me, how depressed I am about my book: & then you do & say in

The Schoolmasters think that V.W. is in some senses an overrated writer: How true. V.

I suppose nothing else is ~~to~~ possible till you live in London, & as long as the sun is warm & the autumn leaves fluttering to the ground you wont come. Lord, to think how I spent this afternoon: buying ham in Fortnum & Mason, because Sibyl dines with us tonight. And you were in the field, I daresay.

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Now let us arrange a private meeting; dearest creature: I have a mint of things to say: & tell me, how depressed I am about my book: & then you go & say in

The Schoolmaster that V.W. is in your opinion an overrated writer! How true. V.

And Tom Eliot is bringing his wife — raving mad, seeing insults if I say China or India or do you like more water?

52 T.S.

Monday

Curse the Curse.

Nov 7. 1930

Dearest Creature,

I was so much touched by your staying up to dine with me last night — Potto & I were so happy. And Lord! — how can *you* be jealous! Looking at one picture & then at the other — no I wont go into that business. And of course I'm rather glad that you can be jealous, even of that old sea-monster encrusted with barnacles: I had felt slightly in the shade — like a toad under a plantain; owing to your husband & so on. & all your lustre & activity ~~your~~ general splendour, however, now there's an end, with a cold wet warm kiss from Poor Potto.

Here's Clive rung up today that his mistress has been flung against a lamppost in a car smash, delivered at his flat at 2 a.m. all cuts & blood, & is now in bed, at her flat, for 3 weeks. So he's more alone than ever. & we have to dine with him. But I want a Tuesday or Wednesday next week.

V.

I am sending you as a ticket of affection a wretched little book, another old essay, meant for America only; so hide it. I say nothing; but this is a tribute of love.

And Tom Eliot is bringing his wife — raving mad, seeing insults if I say China or India or do you like more water? Curse the Curse.

52 T.S.
Thursday
Nov 7. 1930 –

Dearest Creature,

I was so much touched by your staying up to dine with me last night — Potto & I were so happy. And Lord! — how can you be jealous! Looking at one picture & then at the other — no I wont go into that business. And of course I'm rather glad that you can be jealous, even of that old sea-monster encrusted with barnacles; I had felt slightly in the shade — like a toad under a plantain; owing to your husband & so on. & all your lustre & activity ~~your~~ general splendour. however, now theres an end, with a soft wet warm kiss from Poor Potto.

Heres Clive rung up today that his mistress has been flung against a lamppost in a car smash, delivered at his flat at 2 a.m. all cuts & blood, & is now in bed, at his flat, for 3 weeks. So he's more at a loss than ever, & we have to dine with him. But I want on Tuesday or Wednesday next week.

V.

I am sending you as a tribute of affection a wretched little book, another old essay, meant for America only; so hide it & say nothing; but this a tribute of love.

Nov 19 - 1930.

This is pure business.

Would Friday night be possible, perhaps. I mean could I come, if I could come? I'm not altogether sure — but want, oh yes, do want, to see you —

I wrote a letter, or began it, about the poem — to me a very good one — was interrupted — Oh curse those two hells — Thomas Plomer — so will write another — Oh yes I liked it — the poem.

Sorry for this scrawl.

Are you lunching with

H. on Friday?

V. W.